THE PARADICE OF PLEASURE: OR, AN ENCOMIUM UPON DARBY-ALE.

In ANSWER to a Scurrilous Lampoon, entitl'd,

Sott's Paradice; Or, *A Satyr against* Darby-Ale.

——— *Cum vini vis penitravit,*
Consequitur gravitas Membrorum, Prepediuntur
Crura vacillanti, Tardescit Lingua, madet Mens,
Nant Oculi; Clamor, singultus, Jurgia Gliscunt.

Lucretius.

LONDON,
Printed for *A. Baldwin*, at the *Oxford-Arms*, in *Warwick-Lane*. 1700.

Soc 4732.399.303F*

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE HEIRS OF
GEORGE C. DEMPSEY

PARADICE

OF

PLEASURE:

OR AN

ENCOMIUM

UPON

DARBY-ALE.

In ANSWER to a Scurrilous Lampoon, entitl.

Sure Paradice; Or, A Satyr against Darby-Ale.

LONDON,

Printed for A. Baldwin, at the Oxford-Arms in
Warwick-Lane. 1700.

BHS
Gift of
The Heirs of
George C. Dempsey

To all the Lovers of DARBY-ALE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have often wonder'd, That we, who are profess'd Lovers of this Liquor, should not have among us one Generous Son of Apollo *that dare draw his Pen in the defence of our Cause; I am sure the universal Contagion of Dulness has not so overspread us, but we have* Poetick Forces *enough to answer any of our Oppesers; yet were it otherwise, that a Barrenness of Fancy had possess'd us, the Subject it self would (like the* Ovidian Deo Agitante) *point us out the Road to* Parnassus.

Of Darby-Ale *I own I'm a passionate Admirer, and no fond Amorist was ever more captivated with the Charms of his Mistress, than I with the Charms of its Brightness: Where there is Love, there is* Admiration; *and where* Admiration, *Respect: and from hence proceeds my Regret to have* Odiums *cast upon the Object of my Wishes: when the sawcy* Lampoon, *called,* Sot's Paradice, *at every Bookseller's star'd me in the face; I've been possess'd with Fury almost to Distraction; a long time I have fed my self with hopes of Revenge, that some new Champion would enter the Lists and foil the Pigmie Satyrist: Hitherto I have found my Expectation balk'd; but rather than our* Divertive Clubbs, *and* Inspiring Liquor *should suffer the stains and aspersions they now lie under, I chose to undertake the Combat my self, in hopes to put a stop to the growing Tyranny of* Re-printing Sot's Paradice. *This is the sole Reason that I have attempted* An Encomium; *and if my Poem has diminish'd the intrinsick Worth and Delight that our Liquor deserves, impute it rather to my unskilfulness in Fancy and Numbers, than the weakness of the Cause.*

Gallant Souls are prov'd by their actions, and those actions are more conspicuous and noble which proceed purely from Loyalty and Resolution: I have serv'd several Campaigns under Darby-Ale, *with success, and it would be very ungenerous (in this time of danger) to desert my Standard; had it no*

secret

secret Spell to engage me in its Service, I should not (like Mr. W---d) basely turn Traytor and Runagado from that which had done me such eminent Service; for, let him pursue its Ruin with the utmost rack of Thought and Invention, and pretend what aversion he pleases, he owes his Trip to Jamaica, and some other of his best Compositions, to its Assistance.

Now, Gentlemen, since we have Enemies (and those too so potent) I hope you will not leave me to stand the shock of their Rage. I shall know your intentions by your favourable acceptance of this Piece; but, be it how it will (as Epaminondas said to his Buckler, so say I to my Liquor) Me Defendas, & Ego te Defendam, I have no more to add, but hope when this comes to your Hands, you will drink the Health of

Your Humble Servant,

Philo-Darby.

AN ENCOMIUM UPON DARBY-ALE.

LET other Bards the help of *Phœbus* ask,
When they assume some high Poetick task;
I crave no Aid, nor will invoke his Fire,
'Tis *Darby*-Ale alone shall me Inspire;
My Pen engag'd on its transporting Theme,
I beg no other *Hellyconian* Stream;
A Dose of this transcends that Fictious Name.
Nought else my daring Muses Flight shall raise,
Then quaff her Liquor whilst I sing its praise;
And if she sicken in this noble Race,
Reviving Cups shall cheer her drooping Pace.
Methinks I feel her struggling in my Breast,
Like *Delphick* Priests, wish Oracles oppress'd,
To give her vent's to calm her into Rest.

Dictate great Soul of Mirth, thou *Darby-Ale*,

For thou can'ſt beſt thy hidden Charms Reveal;

When ſluggiſh Years have drain'd our Strength away,

Thou giv'ſt new Fires to old *Promethean* Clay:

Thy ſacred Juice does break old Age's Chains,

And make new Blood, come Dancing through the Veins;

Eighty Reverſe into his Twenty's Prime,

And doſt unbarr the Iron Gates of Time.

Had that ſage Sorcereſs known thee heretofore,

When drooping *Æſon*'s Life ſhe did reſtore,

With this *Elixir*, he had dy'd no more.

In vain let Chymiſts their dark Arts Exalt,

They're all *Chimæra's* to the *Darby-Malt*;

For that alone which from thy Broth Diſtils,

We find to be the *Lethe* of our Ills.

Let Alchymiſts ſome cur'd Mishap bemoan,

And waſte their Subſtance for a Pitiful Stone,

When its poſſeſſion lies in thee alone:

In this rich Juice, colour and ſalve unite,

To charm the Sence, and pleaſe the Appetite;

The Glaſſes Crown'd, 'tis Rapture to behold

The lively Atoms, Dance in Liquid Gold.

In dusky *Ægypt*, where no Worship Reigns,
but what the Error of their Fancy frames;
Did they to this bright Liquor stand their Friend,
There were pretence for their Idolatry:
Had *Epicurus*, when he Bliss defin'd,
But tasted thee; thou'dst Extasied his Mind,
To thee alone he'd Happiness confin'd.

When Clouds of Grief hang hov'ring round the Soul,
Those Foggs are scatter'd by a Lucid Bowl;
Harrast with Care, with Troubles when oppress'd,
It quells the raging Passions of our Breast;
The Wealthy Merchant's Loss it does Restore,
His Ills are lull'd, and he Repines no more:
Wrecks nor Misfortunes can his Rest destroy,
He drowns his Losses in a Flood of Joy.

The Brainy Priest, who Scripture has perplex'd,
For *Darby-Ale*, forsakes his Prayers and Text;
Warm'd with some healing Cup, he talks more Sense
Than from his Pulpit e're he did dispense.
Each sparkling Glass does sparkling Wit create,
And makes the Poet, in a Rapture write:
If the transporting thoughts, that charm the Mind,
Are only Pellets of the Blood Refin'd,

To

To this rich Juice, we ſhould our homage pay;
That does the Spirits to the Brain convey.
Let other Cullcombs to their Bags be Slaves,
And, as they purchaſe Wealth, be prick'd for Knaves,
Grant me of this tranſparent Liquor ſtore,
I'll thank the Gods, and ask 'em for no more:
On ſome tall Butt (with more triumphant Pride)
With Glaſſes Crown'd, I'de rather ſit aſtride,
Than the vaſt Ocean's Admiral to Ride;
Cou'd I like *Midas* in my wiſh avail,
I'de Metamorphize all to *Darby Ale*;
The Silver Thames ſhou'd change its Chriſtal hue,
And Ships ſhou'd in that nobleſt Liquor Plow.
Or cou'd I higher but the grant obtain,
The Fleecy Clouds ſhou'd ſparkling *Darby* Rain.
Bleſt be the Soul, who this great Art firſt found,
In high Elogiums may his Name be Crown'd,
Inſcrib'd on Parian Marble, let it ſhine,
Myriads of Years, in ſpite of moulering Time.
When Wine bore Sway, the Nation's greateſt Curſe,
This Art appear'd, and ſtem'd its Conquering Courſe;
For when to this great Project he gave Birth,
He taught at once, Frugality and Mirth;

When

When coſtly Wines (it cannot be deny'd)
Had almoſt Bankrupt *Cornhill* and *Cheapſide*.
Bandy and *Annice*, with that fatal train,
Deſtroy the Land, and ought no longer Reign;
They Fire the Brain, and all the Vitals Burn,
And, into Embers, do the Entrails turn;
Perpetual Burnings prey upon the Heart,
And we poſſeſs hot *Ætna's* in each part;
For Sots alone ſuch burning Cups are fit,
Not for the gen'rous Souls of Mirth and Wit,
But Stroling Carmen, or the plodding Fool,
That take delight in being Drunk and Dull.
Jove as he lately in the *Divan* Sate,
Muſing how Mortals poſted to their Fate,
Order'd ſome Gods the Matter to Debate:
From the Illuſtrious Houſe, they ſtrait withdrew,
Apollo, Regnant of the Sacred Crew:
The Matter weigh'd, that Peer of Heaven's High Court,
From the Committee, Thus made his Report;
Wonder not, Ruler of the ſpang'led Sky,
That Souls throng *Styx*, and to *Olympus* Fly,
When Wine, the *Britiſh* Nation's chiefeſt good,
Is turn'd diſtemper'd, and corrupts the Blood;

Ty'd to a Chain of Plagues, poor Mortals groan
Under Conſumptions, Tyſicks, and the Stone;
Tyr'd with Diſeaſes, they their Lives reſign,
And owe their Deaths to noxious Fumes of Wine:
Others by Dropſies to a Bulk are blown,
Reſembling thoſe, who wou'd have Storm'd thy Throne:
This is the Grand Reſult of our Debate,
They'll faſter dye, if Wine not Abdicate;
Let *Bacchus* tear the Grapes from off his Brow;
and miſſion him to's *Bacchanals* below;
With no full Bowls of Wine let him appear,
But *Darby-Ale*, Tranſparent, Lucid, Clear;
Tell 'em the Gods to Pity are inclin'd,
And ſent this Cordial, to Revive Mankind,
Who other Liquor Drinks, breaks the Decree,
Paſs'd by this Houſe, and Ratify'd by Thee;
As quick Infection, order they decline
That Door they ſee encirel'd with a Vine;
If this, by *Bacchus*, with all ſpeed be done,
Mortals a longer Race of Years ſhall Run:
Thus Ceas'd great *Phabus*, and all prais'd the God,
And mighty *Jove* gave his aſſenting Nod.

From

From this Decree great *London* is grown wiſe,
Claret's condemn'd, and *Darby-Ale* we prize;
Each ſeparate Street in different Signs do ſhow,
That happy *Nectar* is contain'd below:
But --- As Planets borrow from the *Orb* of Light,
So other *Darby-Houſes* may ſhine Bright,
By the Reflexion of *Thy Sun*, Great *White*: } *The Sign of the Sun in Golden-Lane.*
Such plenteous Stores do guild thy Sun with Beams,
Thine is the Fountain, theirs the leſſer Streams.
'Tis Extaſie to ſee thy Cellar grac'd
With well pil'd Butts, in noble order plac'd;
Such high carv'd Hogſheads all around we ſee,
That ſure on Earth thou'rt *Bacchus* Deputy;
Thy Trade's no wonder, where ſhou'd Crowds reſort,
But where the God of Drinking keeps his Court?
As far as *Engliſh* Banners are diſplay'd,
Thy Name's Ador'd, and potent Ale convey'd;
Not to our Iſle alone, thy Fame is known,
But where the Winds do Courſe, or Ships are Blown;
The rough unpoliſh'd *Indian-Planters* own
More Influence from *Thy Sun*, than from *their own*;
Thy Butts Unlading, they Rejoyce and Smile,
Bleſſing the bounteous product of our Iſle;

Thy

Thy Liquid Cargo does contain ſuch Joys,
That they their Gold and Country's growth deſpiſe,
And for it Barter coſtly Gems as Toys.
As long as this Rich Juice diſtill'd ſhall be,
Thy Name's conſign'd to all Poſterity.

The next to thee, *Watt*'s Renown ſoars high, *In St.* James's-Market.
Whoſe Stock Inferiour Houſes does ſupply;
Each Rank, each Order, daily grace his Houſe,
And at throng'd Tables roundly do Carouſe;
From his great Room vaſt flakes of Smoak ariſe,
And Pipes, like Stars, do ſhine in gloomy Skies;
In chatting Clubs your Polititians ſit,
And as they Drink, they more refine their Wit:
The Harraſt Warriour there forgets his Toyls,
In plund'ring Pints he finds more glorious Spoils.
Uxorious Cit, whoſe greateſt Plague's a Wife,
Forgets his ills, and drowns Domeſtick Strife:
To thee he comes to meliorate his Pains,
His Cares are huſh'd, and lively Pleaſure Reigns.

To *Jackſon*'s Manſion there's ſome Honour due, *In* Hide-ſtreet, Bloomſ-bury.
Whoſe Complaiſance attracts a generous Crew;
Each rowling Night his Rooms to Wit give Birth,
His Houſe the Body Politick of Mirth.

Antæus

Antæus ſeated at one Board we ſee,
Fluſh'd with the Juice (from all Example free)
And ſetting up for Popularity;
When num'rous Cups have wrought upon his Brain,
His Sence he by his Courage does maintain:
Antæus like, he'd *Hercules* Aſſail,
Nor can the Liquor o'er his Strength prevail,
But from each blow that *Hercules* does make,
Touching the Cup, he does freſh vigour take.

When Pints Replete, do *Malpas* Spirits raiſe,
He tunes his Viol to harmonious Lays;
His chanting ſounds do on my Sences rowl,
Diſſolve my Frame, and wanton in my Soul:
Had *Orpheus* known to ſtrike his Lire ſo well,
He'd brought his Wife a ſecond time from *Hell*.

When healing Draughts *Lycurgus* Blood do warm,
His Thoughts ſurprize us, and his Words do charm;
In pointed Satyr, wiſely he diſplays
The Senceleſs Coxcomb, and the Fool Pourtrays;
And there lets fall as much *Extemp're* Wit
As in ſome Plays of two Years growth is Writ.

The Artful *Albus* hither does repair,
Whoſe Carriage is *Genteely Debonair*;

To fleeting Time his Works ſhall wing his Fame,
When *Dykes* ſhall Dye, and *Titian* want a Name.
No Satyr center'd in *Cratena's* Face,
His Eyes dart Love, and Smiles his Brows do grace;
With Pint and Pipe ſagiciouſly he'll ſit
Remarking thoſe that do engender Wit;
To ev'ry Query makes his pat Replys,
And when the Clock ſtrikes Ten, he pays, and flys.
Honeſto here his tranſient hours beguiles
With ſerious Glaſſes, recreates his Toils,
He Drinks and Talks, and as he Smoaks, he Smiles.
Decrepid *Gulpo*, of the *Hobbian* Race,
Who owns no God, and Scripture does deface;
His Worſhip lies lock'd up in Error's Vail,
And if he Bows to ought, ---'tis *Darby-Ale*.
Melinthus (inoffenſive in his way)
Sits liſt'ning, pleas'd with what the Wits do ſay;
Silent and unconcern'd he takes their hints,
And adds the Pleaſure to ſucceeding Pints.
With rueful Phiz, *Cornutus* takes his place,
His Brows are branch'd, and Care o'erwelms his Face,
Till *Jackſon's* Ale his ſinking Spirit buoys,
More than the *Common's Court*, or *Proctor's* noiſe;

With many more, too tedious to rehearſe,
Beneath a Rhime or dignity of Verſe.
To *Fullwood's-Rents* my Muſe might take her flight;
To praiſe thoſe bliſsful Cellars of Delight;
But *Grays-Inn* Sparks can beſt defend the Cauſe,
And prove this Ale the Key to all the Laws.
Curſe on the Scribler who with dearth of Sence,
Dares to prophane its Soveraign Excellence;
May he capacious Hogſheads round him ſpy,
Like *Tantalus*, in Plenty ſtill be Dry;
And from his Thirſt ſuch Torture may he feel,
Worſe Racks than e'er *Ixion* from his Wheel:
Let ſtrange *Chimera's* dance before his Sight,
And ſhock his trembling Sences all the Night;
Obſequious Catchpoles wait him as he Riſe,
And be upon his haunts the *London* Spies;
Till he be left both Penyleſs and Poor,
To drag a hated Life from Door and Door:
And and may his Doggrel Muſe ne'er meet Succeſs,
But damn'd to keep Employ'd ſome *Grubſtreet* Preſs.

F I N I S.